

## MISCELLANY.

25th January—The Birthday of Burns!

On this, the poet's natal day,  
Strike more than a single harp to pay  
The tribute, to which Orpheus lay  
Were never meet;  
The heart must be the harp alone,  
The human heart he play'd upon,  
May only give the music-tone  
This day to greet.

For he, the poet of the heart,  
Who, from that well-spring, did impart  
What soar'd above all rules of art  
High, though they be,  
Should have a simple heart-felt strain,  
Re-echoed by a true refrain,  
Telling our love to him in plain  
Simplicity.

And, that simplicity we love,  
That is, the art, all art above,  
By which so strongly he did move  
The mystic chord,  
That vibrates on the human heart  
Till away'd by its most potent art,  
Our "legion"-woe will oft depart,  
Even by a word.

Oh, that the poet's words had been  
Pure as his heart; for, deep within,  
His nature seem'd to throw off sin,  
As billows lave  
From the sea's bosom to the shore,  
The drift wood's foam, until no more  
Remains to be cast up before  
The ocean's wave.

Now we'll remember, but each word,  
Sweet as the song of summer bird,  
By which our inmost soul was stir'd  
Unto the right;  
And poor the tribute we would pay  
To this, the poet's natal day,  
If, on it, by our humble lay  
A shade may light.

Well pass the rude and sensual by,  
And only to the pure and high,  
Now link the poet's memory;  
Only the best  
Of the true bard, we'll celebrate,  
All (oh, how much) of good and great—  
All that we'll try to imitate,  
And leave the rest.

We'll turn, then, from the wassail-bowl,  
That enemy unto the soul,  
Beyond at last the bard's control;  
Not as for him,  
For us, were palliation's tear,  
With noon-day truth for us, so clear,  
That in his day did oft appear,  
So dull and dim.

For us, with nerves more firmly strong,  
Less fiercely tempted to the wrong,  
Less gifted with the power of song  
That fires the brain;  
With naught that genius imparts,  
When she, with maddening fury starts,  
A courser, through poor human hearts,  
Without a rein.

Columbia, S. C. SCOTIA.

### BLUE EYES BEHIND THE VEIL.

Mr. Edge was late at breakfast—that was not an unusual occurrence—and was disposed to be cross; which was likewise nothing new. So he retired behind his newspaper, and devoured his eggs and toast without vouchsafing any reply, save in monosyllables, to the remarks of the fresh-looking little lady opposite, to-wit: Mrs. Edge. But she was gathering together her forces for the final onslaught, and when at length Mr. Edge had got down to the last paragraph and laid aside the newspaper, it came:

"Dear, didn't you say you were going to leave a hundred dollars for my furs, today?"

"What furs?" (rather shortly spoken.)  
"Those new sables, dear; my old affairs are getting shockingly shabby, and I really think—"

"Oh, pshaw! What's the use of being so extravagant? I haven't any money just now to lay out on useless follies. The old furs are good enough for any sensible woman to wear."

Mrs. Edge, good, meek, little soul that she was, relapsed into obedient silence; she only sighed a soft, inward sigh, and presently began a new tack.

"Henry, will you go with me to my aunt's to-night?"

"Can't you go alone?"

"Alone! how would it look?"

Mrs. Edge's temper—for she had one, though it didn't often parade itself—was fairly aroused. "You are so neglectful of those little attentions you used to pay me once; you never walk with me, nor pick up my handkerchief, nor notice my dress, as you did once."

"Well, a fellow can't be forever waiting on the women, can he?" growled Mr. Edge. "You could be polite enough to Mrs. Waters last night, when you never thought to ask whether I wanted anything, though you knew perfectly well that I had a headache—I don't believe you care so much for me as you used to."

And Mrs. Edge looked extremely pretty with her tears in her blue eyes, and a quiver on the round, rosy lips. "Pshaw!" said the husband, peevishly. "Now don't be silly, Maria."

"And in the stage, yesterday, you never asked me if I was warm enough to put my shawl around me, while Mr. Brown was so affectionate to his wife. It was mortifying enough, Henry; indeed it was."

"I didn't know women were such fools," said Mr. Edge, as he drew on his overcoat to escape the tempest that was so rapidly approaching. "Am I the sort of a man to make a ninny of myself, doing the polite to any sort of female creature? Did you ever know me to be conscious whether a woman had on a shawl or a swallow-tailed coat?"

Maria eclipsed the blue eyes behind a little pocket-handkerchief, and Henry the savage, banged the door loud enough to give Betty in the kitchen a nervous start.

"Raining again! I do believe we are going to have a second edition of the deluge," said Mr. Edge to himself, that even-

ing, as he ensconced his six feet of iniquity in the South-west corner of the car at the City Hall. "Go ahead, conductor, can't you see we are full, and it's dark already?"

"In a minute, sir," said the conductor, as he helped a little woman with a basket, on board. "Now, sir, move up a little, if you please."

Mr. Edge was exceedingly comfortable, and did not want to move up, but the light of the lamp falling on the pearly forehead and shining eyes, he altered his mind, and moved up.

"What lovely eyes!" quoth he, mentally, as he bestowed a single acknowledging smile. "Real violet! the very color I admire most. Bless me! what business has an old married man like me thinking about eyes; there, she has drawn a confounded veil over her face, and the light as dim as a tallow dip; but those were pretty eyes!"

The fair professor of the blue eyes shivered slightly, and drew her mantilla closer around her shoulders.

"Are you cold, Miss? Pray honor me by wearing my shawl; I do not need it myself."

She did not refuse—she murmured some faint apology for troubling him, but it was not a refusal.

"No trouble—not a bit," said he with alacrity, arranging it on her tapering shoulders, and then, as the young lady handed her fare to the conductor, he said to himself: "What a slender, lovely little hand. If there is anything I admire in a woman it is a pretty hand. Wonder what kind of a mouth she has got? It must be a delightful one if it corresponds with the hair and eyes. Plague take the veil!"

But "plague," whoever that mystical power may be, did not take possession of the veil, so Mr. Edge's curiosity about the blue-eyed damsel remained unsatisfied.

"Have you room enough, Miss? I fear you are crowded. Pray sit a little closer to me."

"Thank you, sir," was the soft reply coming from under the veil, as Mr. Edge rapturously reflected, "like an angel from out a dark cloud." And his heart gave a loud thump as the pretty shoulders touched his own shaggy overcoat in a hesitation sort of a way.

"Decidedly, this is getting quite romantic," thought he, and then with an audible whisper, "what would Maria say?"

The rest of that long, dreary ride was delicious with that shoulder against his own. How gallantly he jumped up to pull the strap for her—by some streak of fortune it happened to be at the very same street where he intended to stop. And under the circumstances we hardly blame him, when the cars stopped so suddenly that she caught at his hand for support, for the squeeze he gave the plump, snowy palm; any man of his sense would have done the same—it was such an inviting little tily.

"Allow me to carry your basket, Miss, as long as our paths lie in the same direction," said Mr. Edge, courteously, relieving her of the burden as he spoke; "and—and—may—be you'd find less difficulty if you would take my arm."

"Well, wasn't it delightful? Mr. Edge forgot the wet streets and the pitchy darkness—he thought he was walking on roses. Only as he approached his own door he began to feel a little nervous, and wished the little incognito wouldn't hold on so tight. Suppose Maria should be at the window on the look-out, as she often was, how would she interpret matters? He couldn't make her believe he only wanted to be polite to the fair traveler. Besides his sweeping declarations in the morning—she would be sure to recall them.

As he stopped at the right number, and bid the blue eyes adieu, he was astonished to see her run lightly up the steps to enter likewise. Gracious Apollo! he burst in a chilly perspiration at the idea of the young lady's error.

"I think you must have made a mistake, miss," he stammered, "this can't be your house."

But it was too late—she was already in the brilliant-lighted hall, and turning around, threw off her dripping habiliments and made a low courtesy.

"Very much obliged to you for your politeness, sir!"

"Why, it's my wife!" gasped Mr. Edge.

"And happy to see that you have not forgotten all your gallantry toward ladies," pursued the merciless little puss, her blue eyes (they were pretty) all in a dance with suppressed roguery.

Edge looked from ceiling to floor, in vain search of a loop-hole to retreat, but the search was unavailing.

"Well," said he, in the most sheepish of tones, "it is the first time I ever was so polite to a lady in the cars, and hang me if it shan't be the last."

"You see, dear," said the ecstatic little lady, "I didn't expect to be delayed so long, and hadn't any idea I should meet with such attention in the cars, and that from my own husband, too! Goodness, gracious, how Aunt Priscilla will enjoy the joke!"

"If you tell the old happy," said Edge, in desperation, "I shall never hear the last of it!"

"Very probable," was the provoking reply of his wife.

"Now look here, darling," said Mr. Edge, coaxingly, "you won't say anything, will you? A fellow don't want to be laughed at by half the world. I say, Maria, you shall have the prettiest furs in New York, if you will only keep quiet—you shall, upon my honor."

The terms were satisfactory, and Maria capitulated—who wouldn't? And that is the way she got those splendid furs that filled the hearts of her female friends with envy, and perhaps it was what made Mr. Edge such a courteous husband ever since.

English Dairy Cheese, Cranberries, BOXES English Dairy, Cutting, Pine Apple and Young America CHEESE.

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Dec 22

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PROBABLY never before in the whole history of medicine, has anything won so widely and so deeply upon the confidence of mankind, as this excellent remedy for pulmonary complaints. Through a long series of years, and among most of the races of men, it has risen higher and higher in their estimation, as it has become better known. Its uniform character and power to cure the various affections of the lungs and throat, have made it known as a reliable protector against them. While adapted to milder forms of disease and to young children, it is at the same time the most effectual remedy that can be given for incipient consumption, and the dangerous affections of the throat and lungs. As a provision against sudden attacks of CROUP, it should be kept on hand in every family; and, indeed, as all are sometimes subject to colds and coughs, all should be provided with this antidote for them.

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5 BARRELS BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, 5 barrels Golden Sy. or. For sale by E. & G. D. HOPE.

Charlotte and South Carolina and Columbia and Augusta Railroad Companies. SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE. COLUMBIA, S. C., January 14, 1869.

Trains over these Roads will run Daily as follows:

GOING SOUTH.  
Live Charlotte 6.30 a.m. Arr. Columbia 1.50 p.m.  
Live Columbia 2.30 p.m. Arr. Graniteville 7.30 p.m.  
GOING NORTH.  
Live Graniteville 7.40 a.m. Arr. Columbia 12.15 p.m.  
Live Columbia 12.50 p.m. Arr. Charlotte 7.35 p.m.  
Close connection at Charlotte, with North Carolina Railroad, for all points North; at Graniteville, with South Carolina Road, for all points West and South. CALEB BUCKNIGHT, Superintendent.

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For further information, rates, classification sheets, &c., apply to, or address, E. R. DORSEY, General Freight Ticket Agent, July 24 Charlotte and South Carolina R. R. Co.

## SOUTH CAROLINA RAILROAD.

PASSENGER TRAINS will run as follows, viz:

Leave Charleston for Columbia..... 6.30 a.m.  
Arrive Kingsville..... 1.30 p.m. Leave 2.00 p.m.  
Arrive Columbia..... 3.50 p.m. Leave 6.00 a.m.  
Arrive Kingsville..... 7.30 a.m. Leave 8.00 p.m.  
Arrive at Charleston..... 8.10 p.m.

The Passenger Train on the Camden Branch will connect with up and down Columbia Trains and Wilmington and Manchester Railroad Trains MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS.

Night Express Freight and Passenger Accommodation Train will run as follows:  
Leave Charleston for Columbia..... 5.40 p.m.  
Arrive Columbia 6.05 a.m. Leave 5.30 p.m.  
Arrive at Charleston..... 5.40 a.m.  
March 21 H. T. PEAKE, Gen'l Supt.

## Greenville and Columbia Railroad.

PASSENGER Trains run daily, Sunday excepted, connecting with Night Trains on Charleston and Charlotte Railroads:

Live Columbia 7.00 a.m. Live Greenville 5.45 a.m.  
Arrive Greenville 8.40  
Arrive Columbia 8.40  
Arrive Abbeville 8.00  
Arrive Abbeville 3.00 p.m.  
Arrive Greenville 4.20  
Arrive Columbia 4.20  
Arrive Greenville 5.00  
Arrive Columbia 3.45 p.m.

Trains on Blue Ridge Railroad run as follows:  
Live Anderson 4.30 p.m. Live Wallhalla 3.30 a.m.  
Pendleton 5.30  
Pendleton 5.30  
Arrive Wallhalla 7.30  
Arrive Anderson 6.20

The train will return from Belton to Anderson on Monday and Friday mornings.

JAMES O. MEREDITH, General Supt.

## Spartanburg and Union Railroad.

PASSENGER Trains leave Spartanburg Court House Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7 A. M., and arrive at Alston 1.20 P. M., connecting with the Greenville Down Train and trains for Charlotte and Charleston.

On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, the Up Passenger Trains, connecting with the Greenville Up Train, leave Alston 9 A. M. and arrive Spartanburg Court House 3.20 P. M., as follows:

Down Train. Up Train.  
Miles. Arrive. Leave. Arrive. Leave.  
Spartanburg..... 0 7.00 3.20  
Pacolet..... 10 7.45 7.48 2.32 2.35  
Jonesville..... 19 8.25 8.30 1.50 1.55  
Unionville..... 28 9.15 9.40 12.40 1.05  
Santee..... 37 10.16 10.21 12.03 12.08  
Shelton..... 48 11.10 11.12 11.06 11.08  
Lyles Ford..... 52 11.36 11.38 10.39 10.42  
Strother..... 56 12.02 12.03 10.12 10.15  
Alston..... 68 1.20 12.03 9.00

THOS. B. JETER, President.

## Office North Carolina Railroad Co.,

THE following is the schedule for Passenger Trains over this road:

Leave Charlotte 11.36 p.m. Arrive 11.35 p.m.  
Greensboro 5.05 a.m. and 7.17 p.m.  
Raleigh 9.41 a.m. and 3.20 p.m.

Arrive Goldsboro 12.25 p.m. Leave 12.30 p.m.  
Through Passengers by this line have choice of routes to Greensboro and Danville to Richmond, or via Raleigh and Weldon to Richmond or Portsmouth, arriving at all points North of Richmond at the same time by either route. Connection is made at Goldsboro with Passenger Trains on the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad to and from Wilmington, and Weldon Train to Weldon. Also to Newbern, on A. & N. C. Road.

## Laurens Railroad—New Schedule.

MAIL Trains on this Road run to and from Laurens, to return on same day, to connect with up and down Trains on Greenville and Columbia Railroad, at Helena; leaving Laurens at 5 A. M., on TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS, and leaving Helena at 1.30 P. M. same days.

July 9 J. S. BOWERS, Superintendent

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## NEW ARRIVALS.